

MY LITTLE MARGIE
No 5

TELEVISION'S TOP PROGRAM !

MY LITTLE MARGIE

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

A LETTER TO YOU FROM MY LITTLE MARGIE

Dear Readers:

Daddy and I say thanks a million once more for all your wonderful letters....and thanks for passing along "My Little Margie" to your mothers and fathers. They're writing us too and they seem to like our comic, too.

A funny thing happened the other day. Mr. Honeywell's niece Pat, who had just returned from her vacation, had left her wardrobe trunk in the front hall. After she got through saying 'hi' to the family, she went out to the hall and meant to unpack right away - but - no trunk key. She just knew she'd left it right on top of the trunk - but somehow it wasn't there. Just then her brother Gary came in, took one look at her, and asked what the trouble was. Pat told him and Gary said, "For Pete's sake, I've got the key. I put my four "My Little Margie" comics in the trunk and locked it. I had to go to the store for Mom and didn't want to lose them." So you see, Gary likes our comic book, too.

I'm sure you'll excuse me now, I've more of your exciting and interesting letters to read. See you next time..

Your friend,

Margie

MY LITTLE MARGIE

The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A CHARLTON PUBLICATION.
 ATOMIC MOUSE ★ COWBOY WESTERN HEROES ★ CRIME AND JUSTICE ★ FUNNY ANIMALS ★ EN Dig this crazy comic ★ HAUNTED ★ HOT
 RODS AND RACING CARS ★ ZOO FUNNIES ★ LASH LARUE WESTERN ★ ROCKY LANE WESTERN ★ RACKET SQUAD ★ SIX-GUN HEROES ★ RO-
 MANTIC STORY ★ SCIENCE-FICTION SPACE ADVENTURES ★ STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES ★ SWEETHEARTS ★ TEX RITTER WESTERN ★ TRUE
 LIFE SECRETS ★ TV TEENS ★ THE THING ★ MY LITTLE MARGIE.

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

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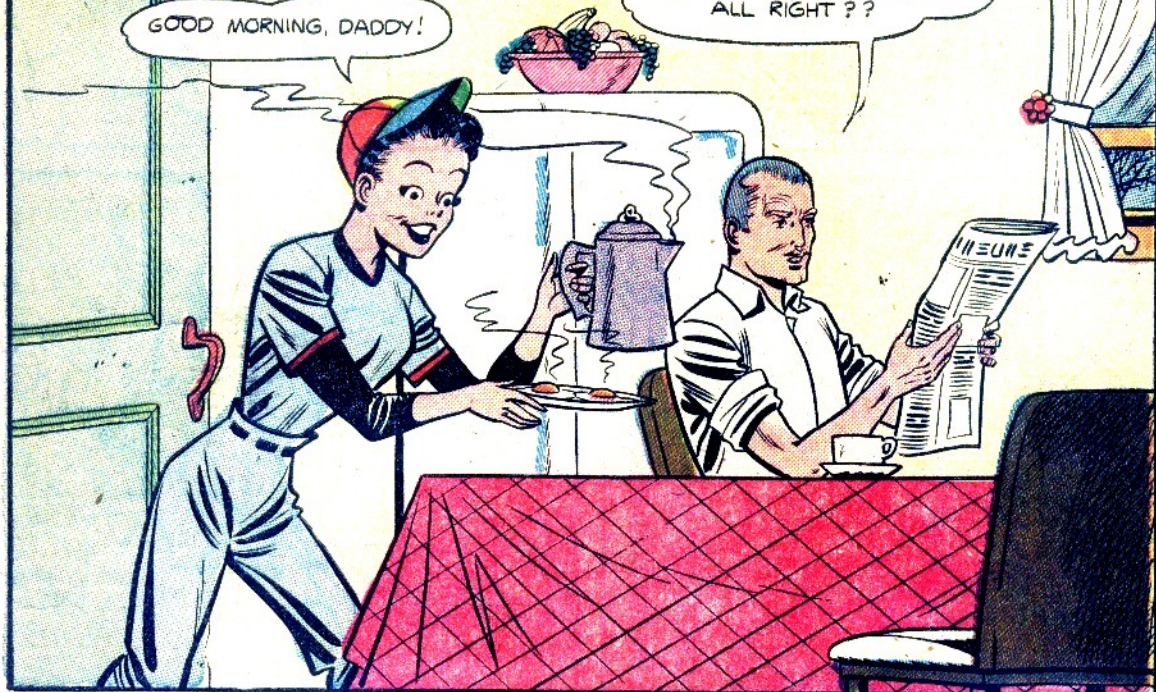
MY LITTLE MARGIE

in "ON THE BALL!"

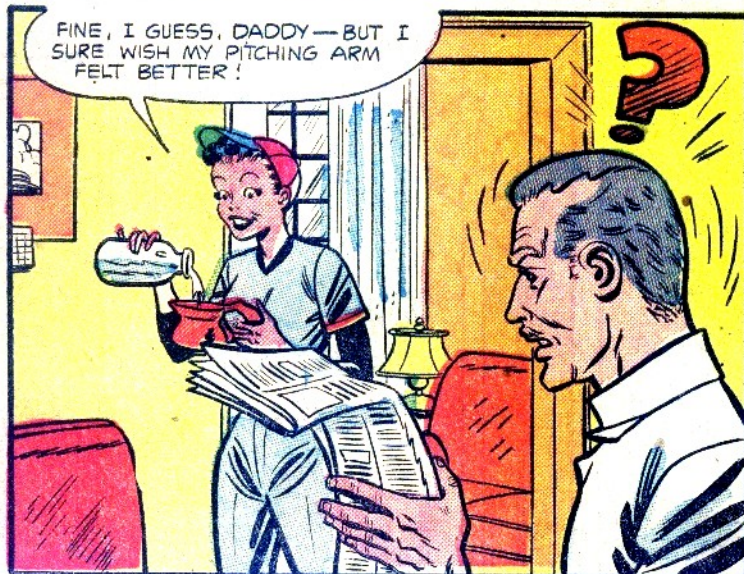
By CHIC STONE

GOOD MORNING, DADDY!

MORNING, BABY, EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT ??



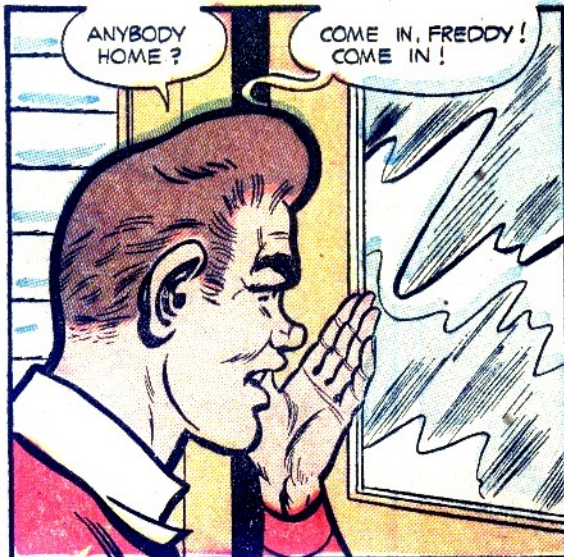
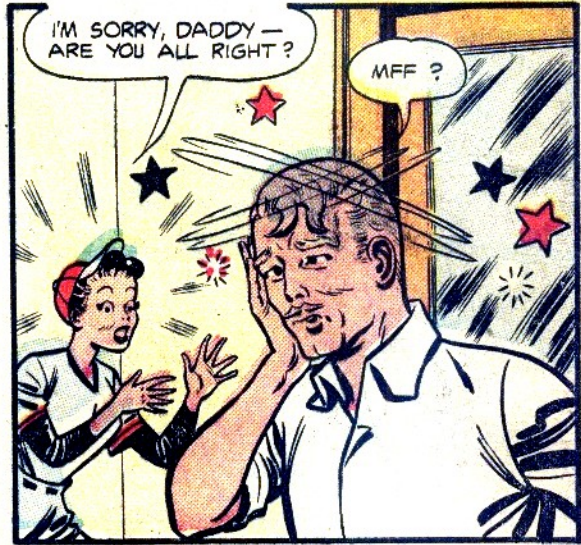
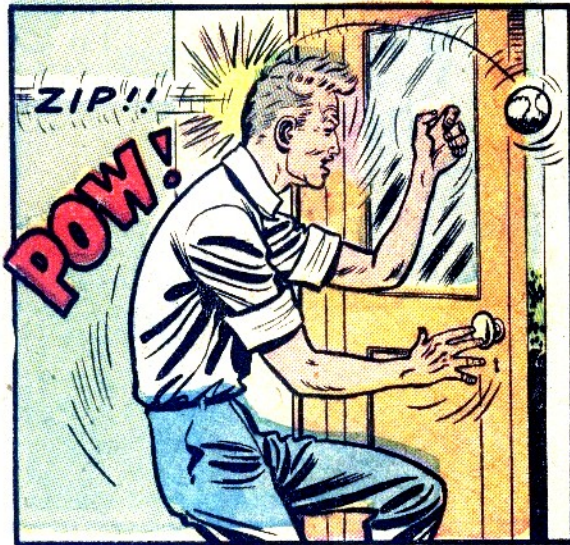
FINE, I GUESS, DADDY — BUT I SURE WISH MY PITCHING ARM FELT BETTER!



YOUR PITCHING ARM ? MARGIE — JUST WHAT IS THAT COSTUME YOU'RE WEARING ?



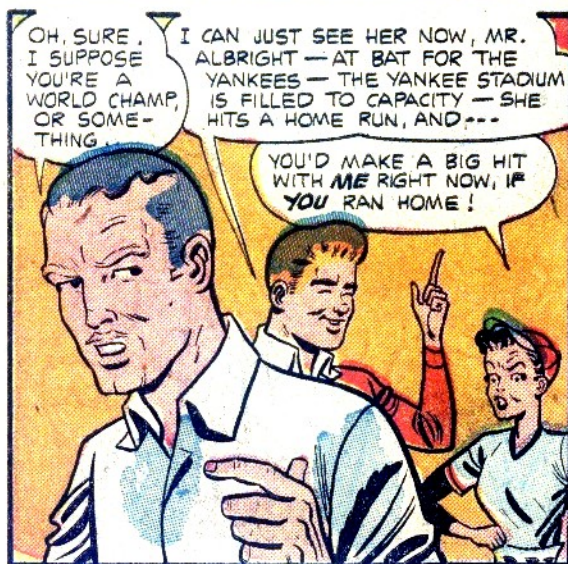
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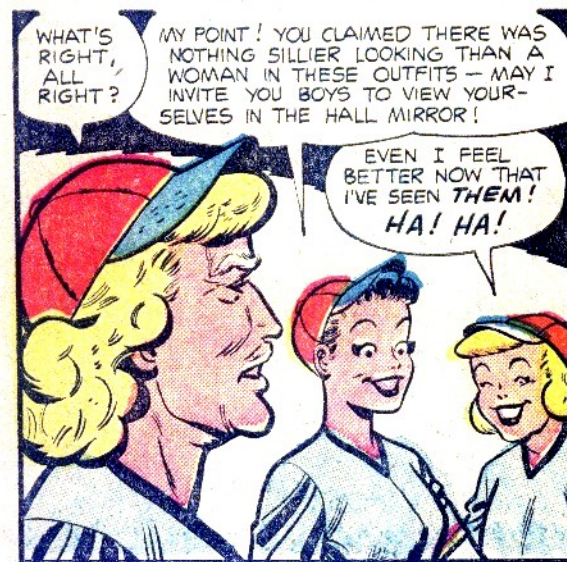
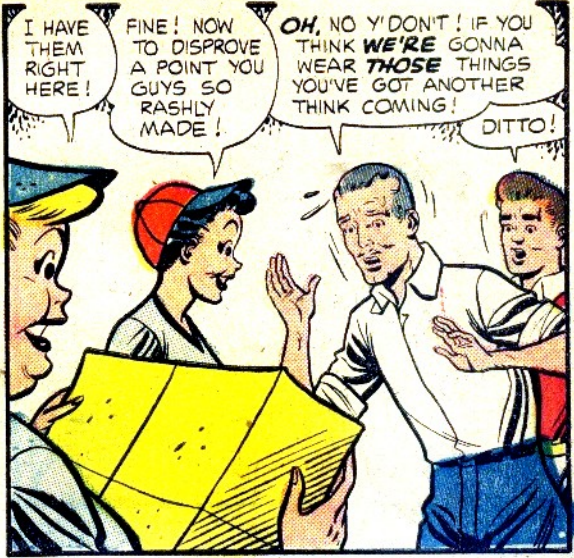
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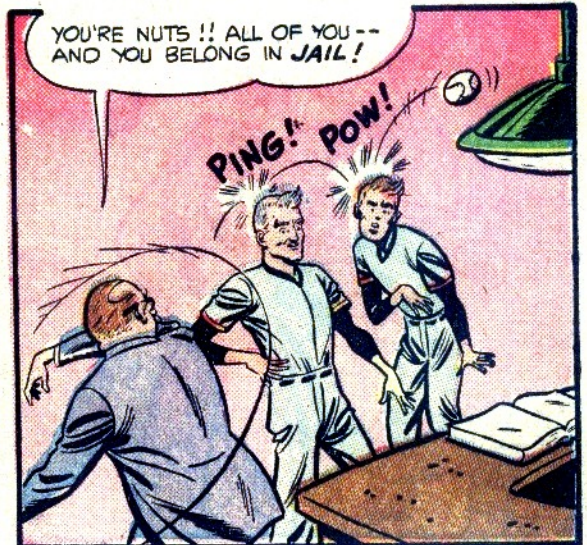
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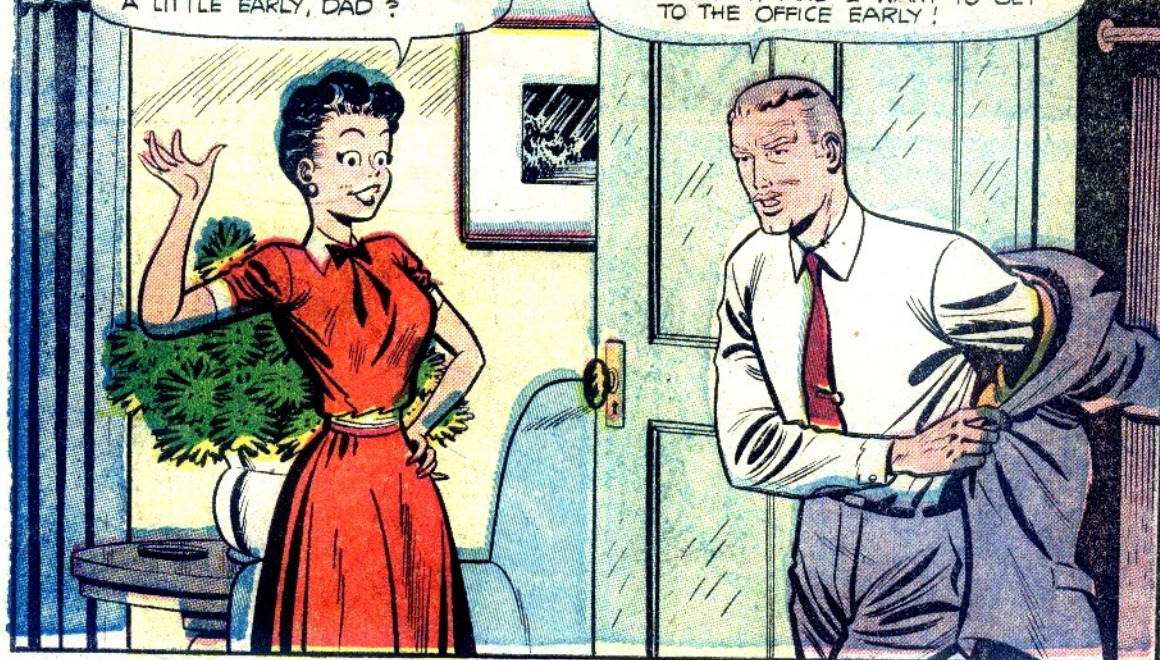
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MY LITTLE MARGIE

EMPLOYMENT
in
AGONY!
BY CHIC STONE

AREN'T YOU LEAVING FOR WORK
A LITTLE EARLY, DAD?

TRUE, MARGIE—TODAY I'M
GOING TO INTERVIEW A NUMBER
OF GIRLS FOR THE JOB AS MY
SECRETARY AND I WANT TO GET
TO THE OFFICE EARLY!



(SIGH) I'VE BEEN TRYING TO
FIND THE RIGHT GIRL FOR WEEKS,
BUT THEY ALWAYS TURN OUT
TO BE BEAUTIFUL BUT DUMB,
OR ELSE THEY AIM TO GET
MARRIED AND QUIT ON ME!

YOU TRY
GETTING
ONE
THAT'S JUST
PLAIN
EFFICIENT
AND MAYBE
NOT SO GOOD
LOOKING?

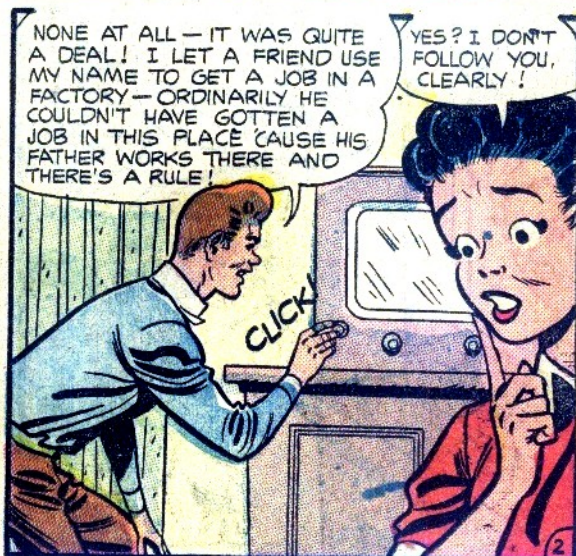


THAT IS A NEW
APPROACH I MAY
TRY TODAY,
MARGIE!

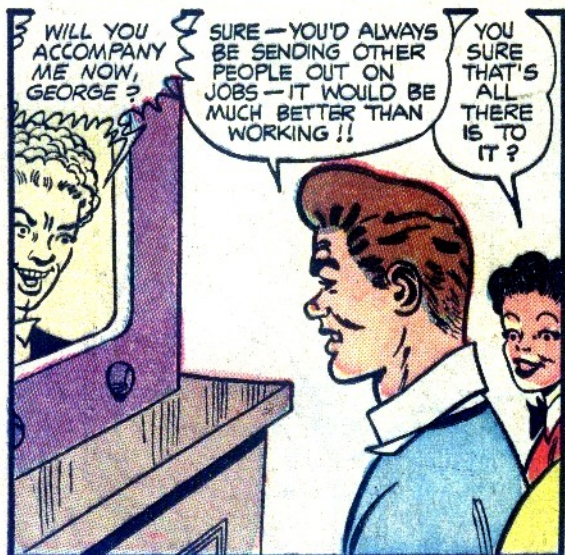
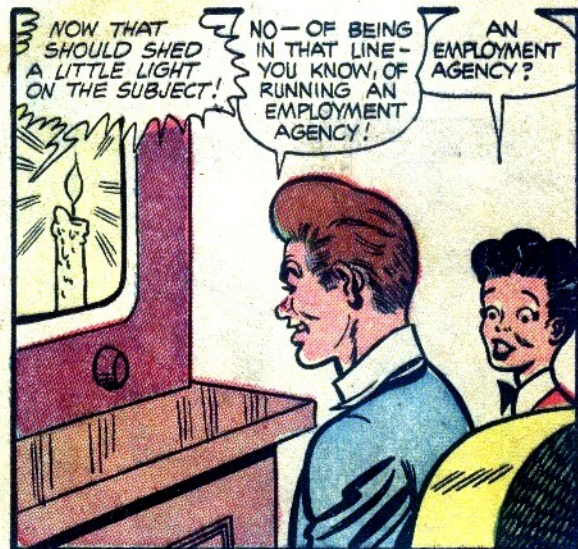
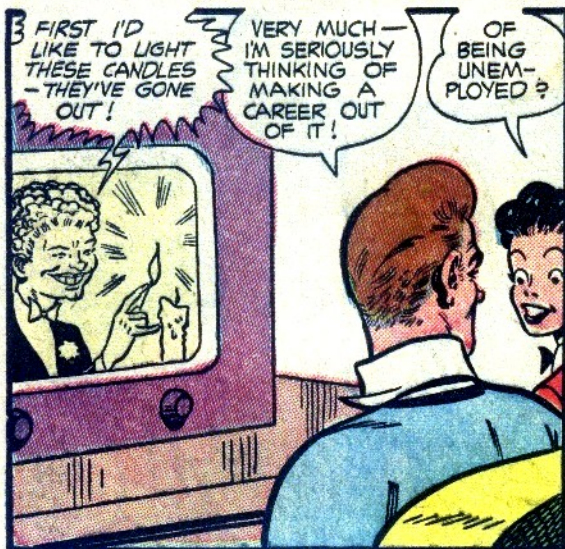
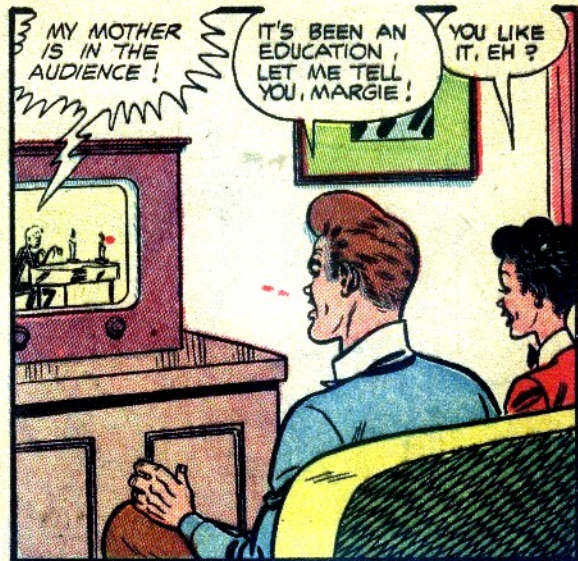
UH—YOU WON'T FORGET
TO BUY SOME VACATION
CLOTHES FOR US FOR
OUR TRIP TO BERMUDA
TODAY, WILL YOU?



MY LITTLE MARGIE



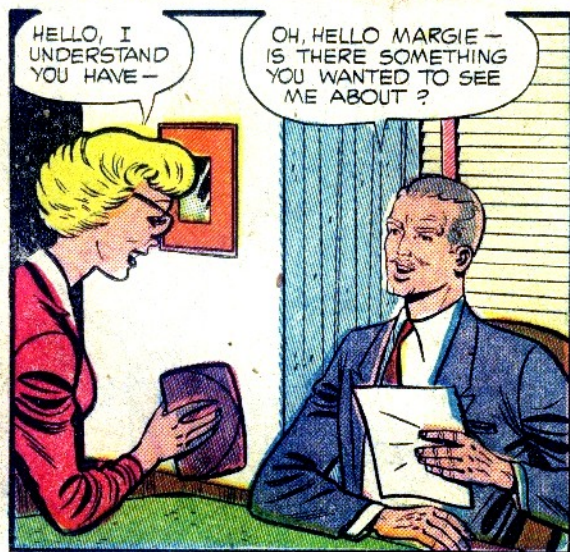
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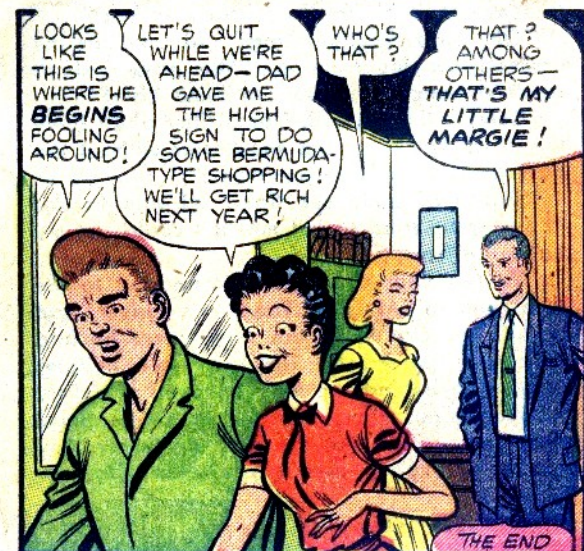
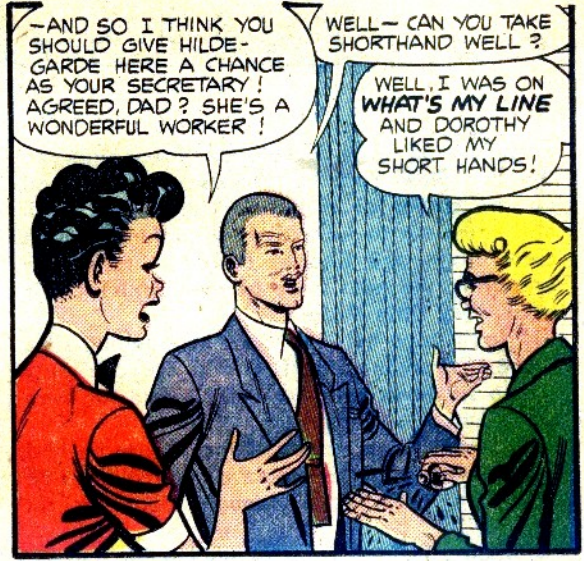
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MY LITTLE MARGIE



THAT'S OUR GALE!

Hollywood was absolutely fascinating to the two New York cartoonists as they stood on the corner of Hollywood and Vine. Both had come out to have a story conference with Gale Storm and Charles Farrell in regard to preparing the next issue of their (this) comic book, "My Little Margie."

"You'll love her," Al Fago was telling Chic Stone. "Everyone does! And if we can only get to sit down with her and Charlie for even ten minutes..."

"I know," Chic repeated the phrase he had heard over and over again on the plane ride out, "... I'll have enough ideas for six months!"

"Well..." Al Fago seemed a bit put out having the words taken out of his mouth, "that's right. If we ever find them. Where did they say the studio was?"

"Culver City, wherever that is," Chic sighed. "Sure it's around here?"

"Never heard of it," Al stated bluntly. "But everyone's heard of Gale Storm! Let's just look for her!"

"You look for her," Chic mumbled, making a quick sketch of one of the studio gates. "Never can tell when I can use some of this stuff in the strip."

"Okay," Al sighed. "Glad you're getting something out of this. I'm going to hail a taxi."

Well, Al stepped off the curb and — WOOSHH! A passing roadster nearly knocked him back on it again!

"Hey, careful!" Chic said, grabbing Al as he leaned back. "That's the first thing I heard about this town! Don't ever try to cross the street! There's folks out here that never get to leave their block, the traffic's so bad!"

"Oh, stop exaggerating!" Al said as he brushed off his trousers. "We have just as crazy a bunch of drivers in New York!"

"Sure," Chic agreed, "only they don't drive this fast! And they can see better without the dark glasses these natives wear!"

"That guy could see fine," Al said fiercely. "I swear he tried to kill me! If I could get my hands on him..."

"There's your chance!" Chic nodded to the curb behind Al. The roadster's driver had backed his car up to the spot where he had so closely passed Al. The heavy-set, middle-aged man behind the wheel looked strangely familiar to our friends. He seemed to recognize them too — and got the jump on them: "Say you're Al Fago, aren't you? I'm Clarence Kolb!"

"Clarence Kolb?" Chic asked.

"Of course!" Al said. "You play the part of Mr. Honeywell on T.V. and radio!"

"I do indeed," Mr. Kolb said. "And it keeps me hopping! That girl really is a Storm! Jesse L. Lasky made no mistake when he tagged her Gale Storm. Have you seen her yet, by the way?"

"We just arrived," Al explained, "and were trying to figure how to get to the Reed Studio over in Culver City."

"No need for that if you're looking for Gale," Mr. "Honeywell" said in his so-familiar voice. "She's on location right outside of town. Hop in — I'm on my way over there now!"

The New Yorkers had hardly seated themselves in the open car when it zoomed away from the curb and out into the fast-moving traffic. Al, pressed down between the two men, just stared up at the tanned side of Kolb's face as he drove, set-jawed, through the mid-day dust. Mr. "Honeywell" sensed this and glanced aside at Al.

"Too fast for you?" he grinned.

"Uh, no —" Al sat up and composed himself a bit. Chic was still sketching — this time it was a profile of Clarence Kolb's face. Good Honeywell stuff he was figuring. As Al sat up straighter, Chic edged him back again with his elbow to keep a clear view of Kolb's face. Al knowingly accepted this and kept talking: "It's just that I was thinking..."

"About what?" Kolb asked, as he "cornered" the automobile into a tree-shaded side road, speed-shifted into second, then back into high.

"Well — about you, Sir," Al frankly admitted. "I thought you'd look older than you do."

"No time for that out here," Kolb laughed. "Look at Charlie Farrell. I swear he gets younger every time I see him!"

By now the roadster had reached the end of the tree-covered drive and was turning into a circular driveway. It looked like a country club — but Al wasn't sure. Out here it could be somebody's summer home — or somebody's week-end cabana. Chic wasn't as complicated in his thinking. He simply looked up and said "Well! A country club!"

"Right!" Mr. Kolb said, stopping the car and opening the door on his side in almost one motion. "We're shooting some scenes for next week's T.V. show around the pool in back. Let's go!"

Kolb quickly led the way up the stone steps

MY LITTLE MARGIE

and into the high-ceilinged main lobby. In the dim light, Chic bumped into a tall man, looked up, said, "Excuse me!" and turned pale. The actor grinned an "Okay" and went on. Al and Mr. Kolb were too far ahead for Chic to blurt his news to so he turned to a pipe smoking man reading a magazine. "Hey — that was Gary Cooper, wasn't it?"

"It was — and still is, I guess," Bing Crosby said, slowly taking the pipe out of his mouth.

"Geel!" Chic said, hurrying after his friends, "Gary Cooper! Wait'll I tell Al!"

Chic burst through the archway leading out onto the patio — with the shimmering pool beyond. It was breath-taking! He couldn't wait to tell Al about — when he saw her! Gale Storm! She was poised on the end of the high diving board — arms outstretched — the finger tips tilting slightly upwards in an almost humorous fashion — and she was smiling. Maybe it was the way the sun was behind her, but to Chic her smile seemed to actually reflect off the surface of the turquoise pool. It radiated everywhere! Of course he had drawn her picture hundreds of times for the "My Little Margie" strip — making her face and cute figure one of the most familiar in the world to him — that he, well, forgot completely about Gary Cooper! He whipped out his trusty sketch pad, started to draw in the pose — when somebody shouted: "ACTION!" — and she dove gracefully into the pool.

"Over here, Chic!" Al called, and for the first time our young cartoonist realized the edge of the pool was teeming with movie makers and equipment. They were actually making the T.V. film right here — and now. Al was talking to Charles Farrell, who reached a long, tanned arm through the mass of wires and people to shake Chic's hand. A pleasant Bostonian accent went with it: "Nice to meet you, Chic. Hope you're doing right by us in your comic book!"

"Gee, I —" Chic started to reply, when another voice boomed: "Knock it off! Sound!"

Chic almost asked "What?" but a strange hand went over his mouth and another pointed to a mike boom being lowered to the edge of the pool directly in front of them. He got it, relaxed, and the strange hands went away. He turned around to see who it was, but couldn't tell. It might have been any one of six guys — all staring at him with their fingers over their lips. He felt cowed. At this moment the young actress' head broke water, and she reached gaily for the edge of the pool. Charles Farrell — now playing the part of her father, Verne Albright — moved to enter the scene, developed a stern look and spoke his lines:

"Margie, please! You'll give me heart fail-

ure diving off that high board!"

"Oh, Daddy!" she said, lifting herself up onto the pool's edge, "It's nothing! Freddy and I have been doing it all day!"

"Really?" he asked in surprise. "Freddy went off the high board? That I'd like to see!"

"Well—you won't for a while, I'm afraid," she said, giving her "father" a sly look, "he broke his arm on the first try!"

The director yelled: "Cut!" The actors relaxed. Al grabbed Chic's elbow and started toward Miss Storm.

"Now's our chance to talk to her," he said. "And don't forget to take notes!"

"I'm not missing a thing!" Chic grinned. She looked even prettier up close. She was the All-American Girl, he decided. Al stopped right next to her, said, "Miss Storm — Gale — I'd like you to meet —" But that was all he got out. The heavy-set man in the purple-print shirt waved a script, started for the other side of the pool and bellowed: "Places, everybody! We'll shoot these other scenes while we still have the sun with us!" And off they went. Al and Chic just stood there — Al's hand still in mid-air where it was, a moment before, resting on Miss Storm's arm. So — they followed. And the same procedure followed — with different action.

Gale Storm slipped and fell into the pool twice — on cue. Charles Farrell was knocked in once — wearing his terry robe — and was pulled in once as he tried to help her out. All part of the script. The whole crew moved again to the golf course — a trailer pulled by a small tractor acting as a dressing room — and more film was exposed to their antics.

By this time Al was annoyed. A bit, anyway. They had to fly back to New York that night, and so he demanded a bit of time between six and seven! "Six and seven?" the director almost bit Al's head off. "We're on the air at six thirty!" With that somebody once again yelled: "Cut!" Somebody else called, "Print 'em!" and the entire safari moved off.

It was dusk by the time Al and Chic reached the club house. They went over to the counter and ordered coffee. It was plush — really a beautiful place. And they had it all to themselves.

"Boy, these Hollywood people really know how to live," Al said, sipping his coffee.

"I'll say," Chic agreed. After all, Al was his boss. And outside of having an even better mental picture of one Miss Gale Storm in his creative mind, Chic Stone secretly decided he'd take the peace and quiet of his little studio back east in place of this — anytime!

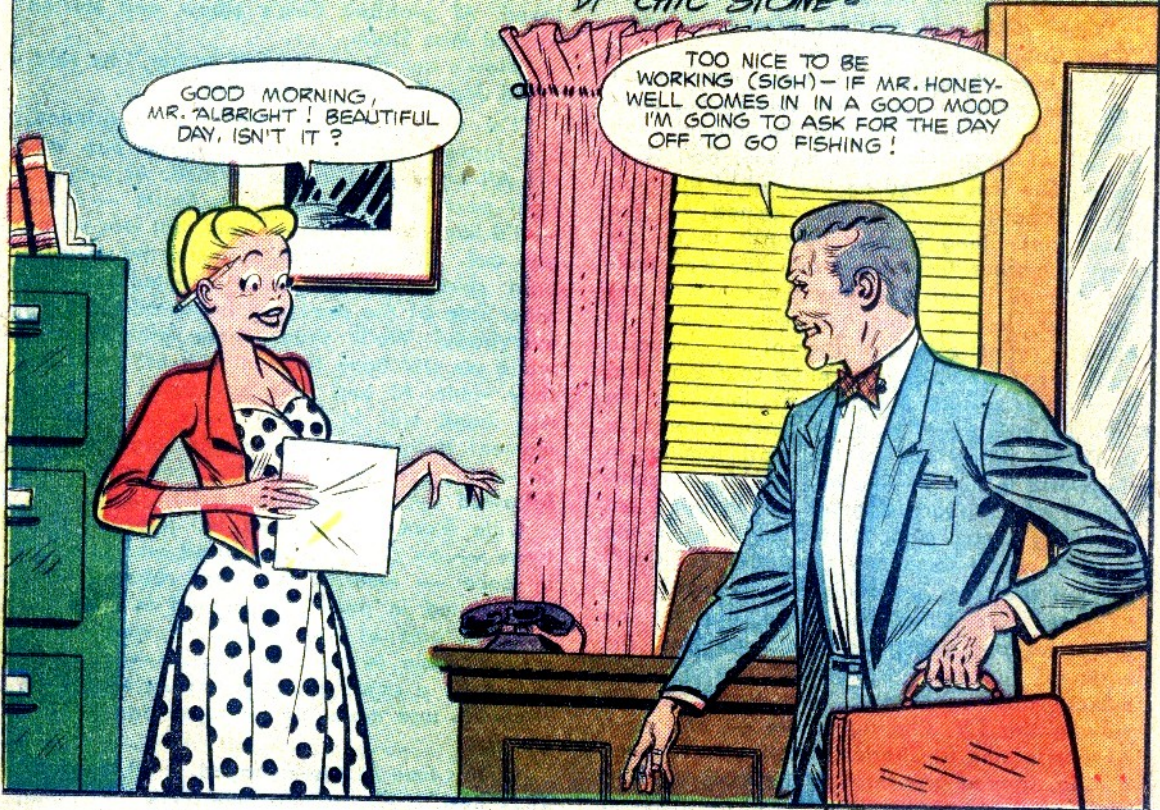
The End

MY LITTLE MARGIE

MY LITTLE MARGIE

"IN DOT'S LIFE"

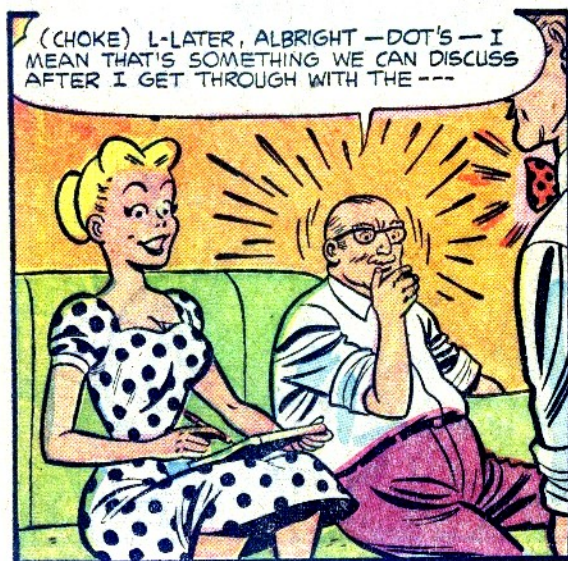
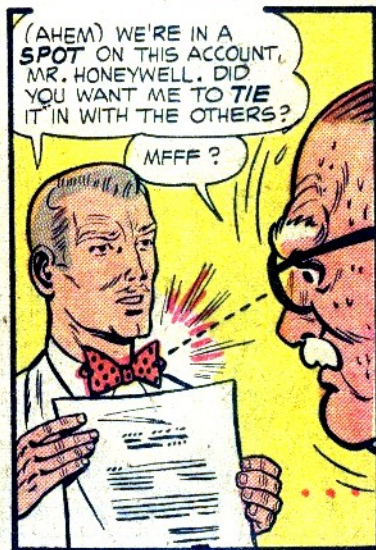
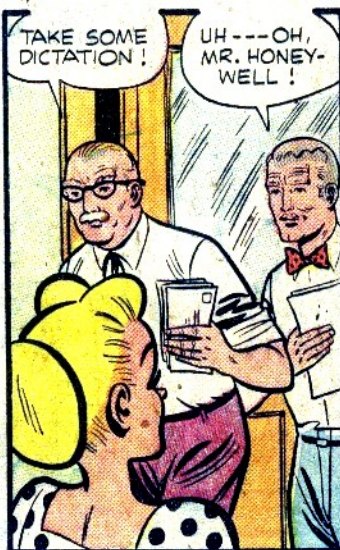
By CHIC STONE



MY LITTLE MARGIE



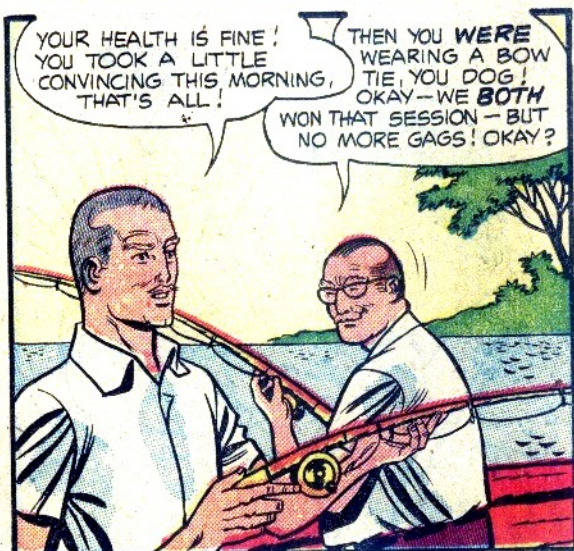
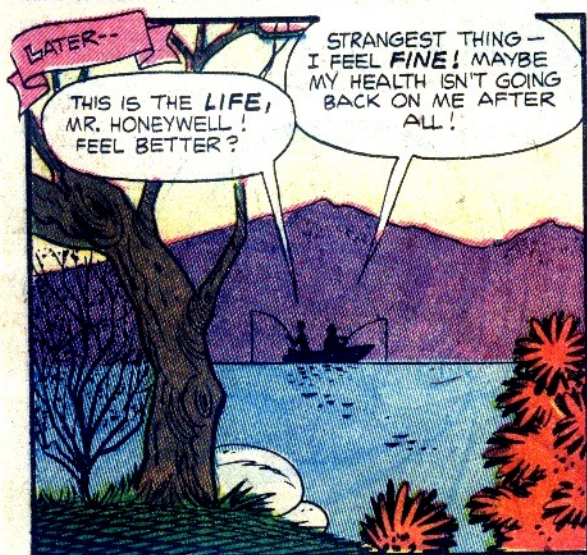
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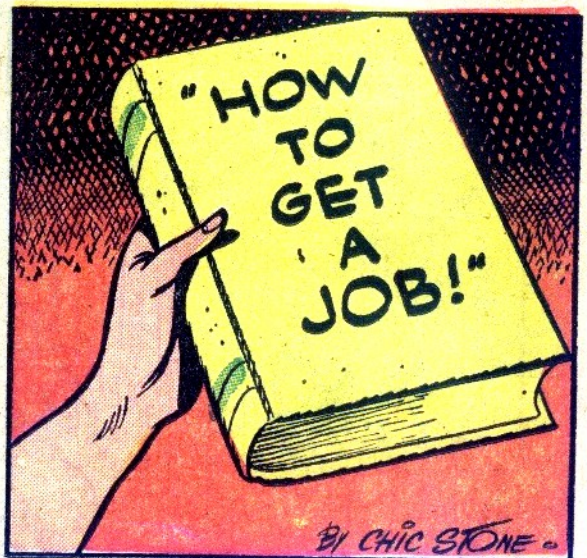


MY LITTLE MARGIE

TELEVISION'S TOP PROGRAM !

MY LITTLE MARGIE *in*

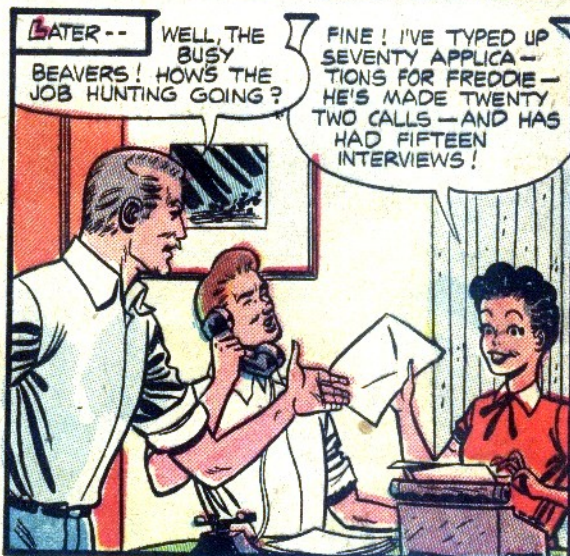
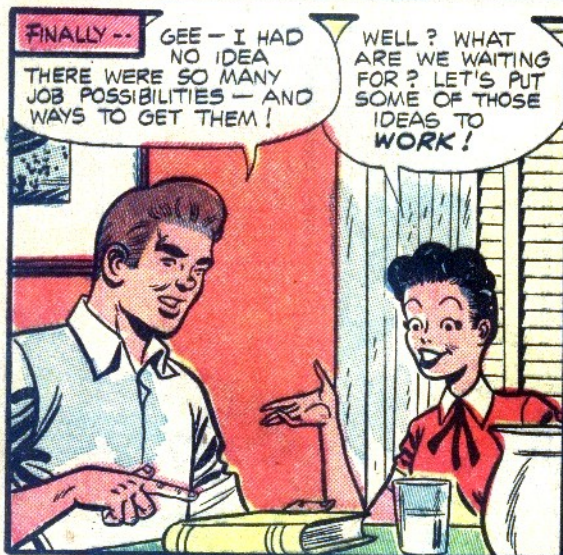
"I'D RATHER BE RIGHT!"



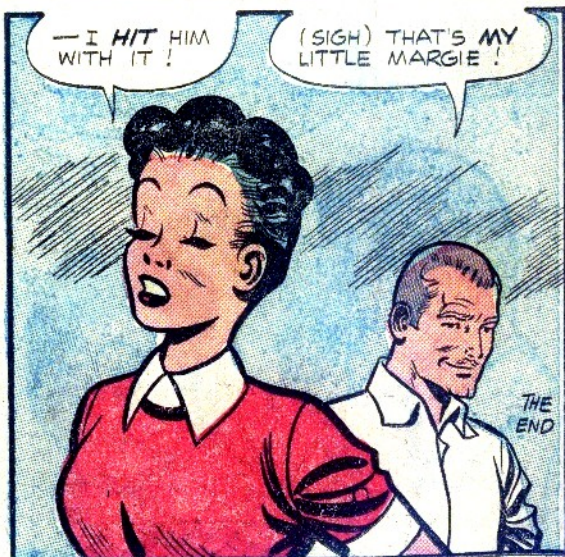
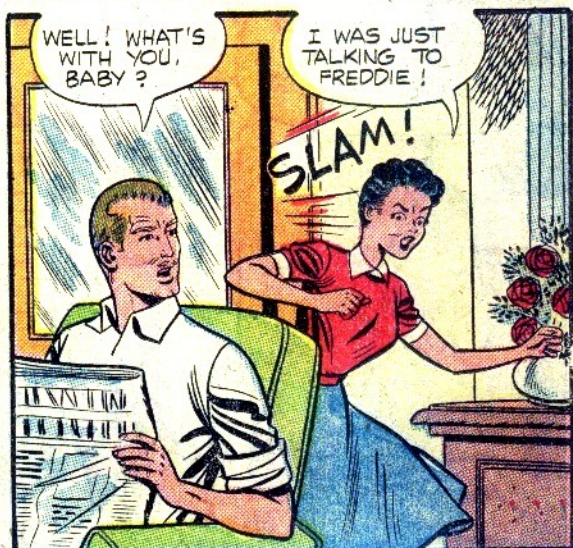
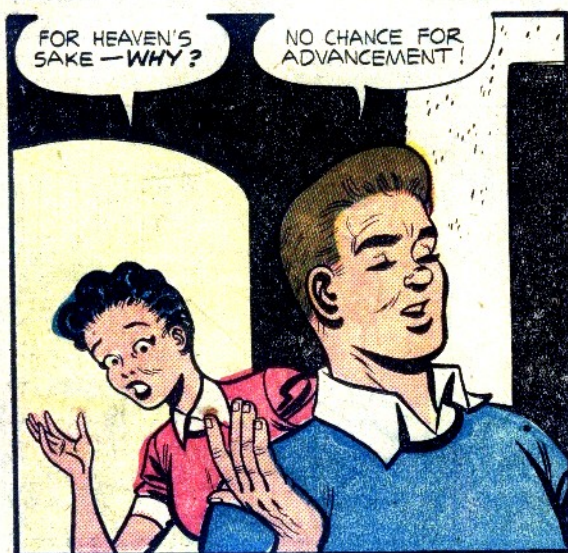
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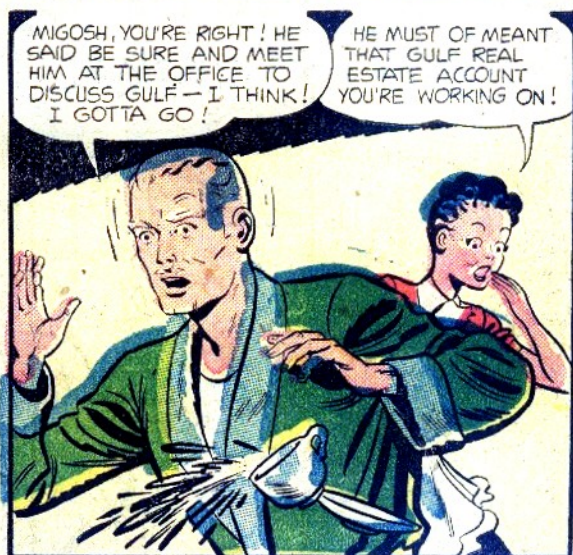
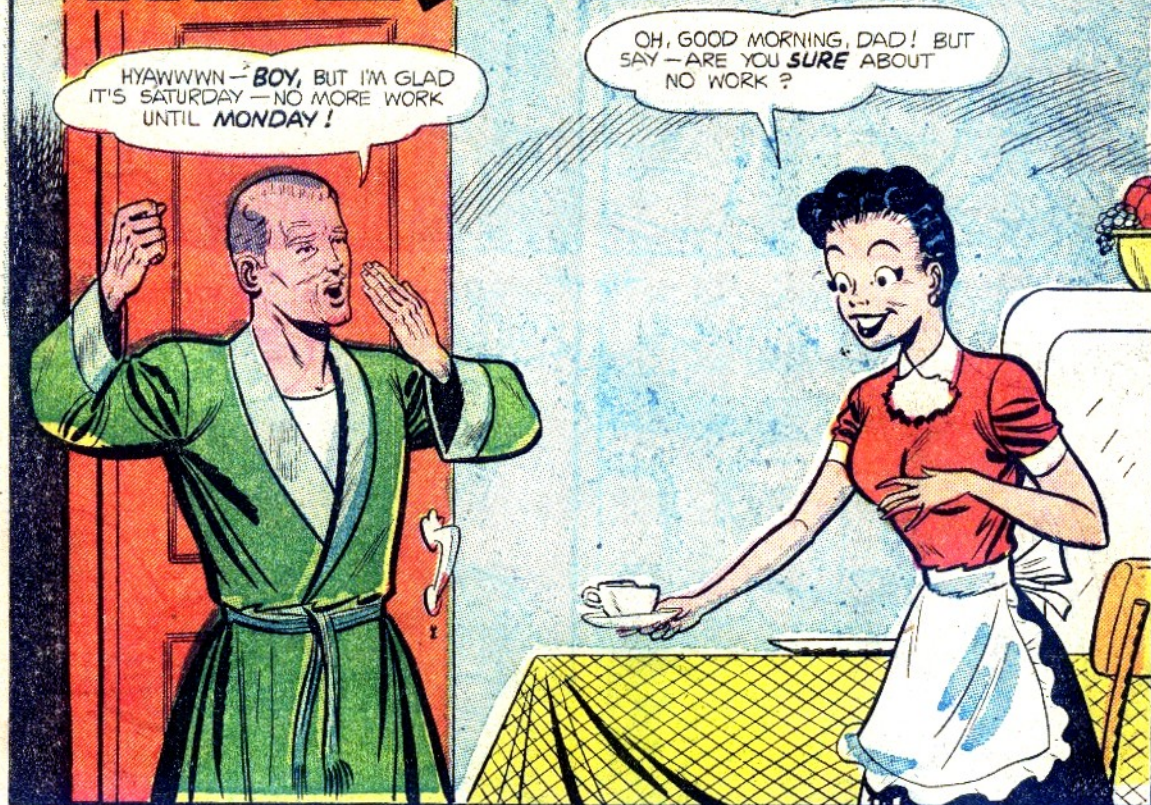
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"BLANK in NIGHT"

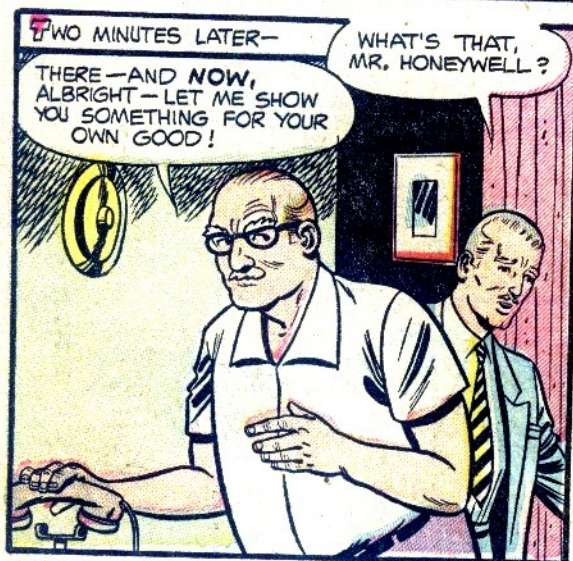
By CHIC STONE



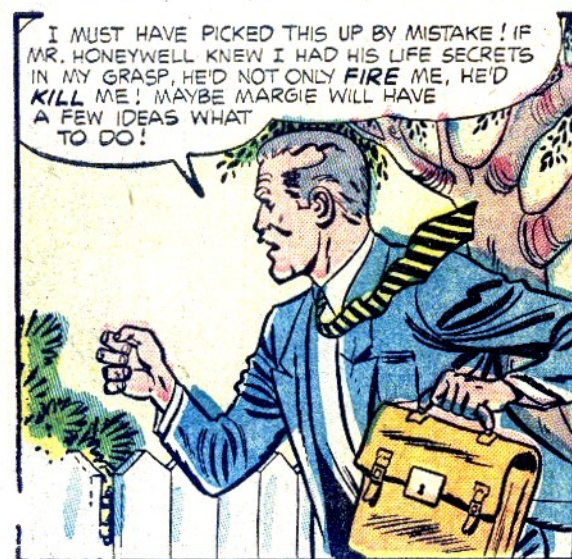
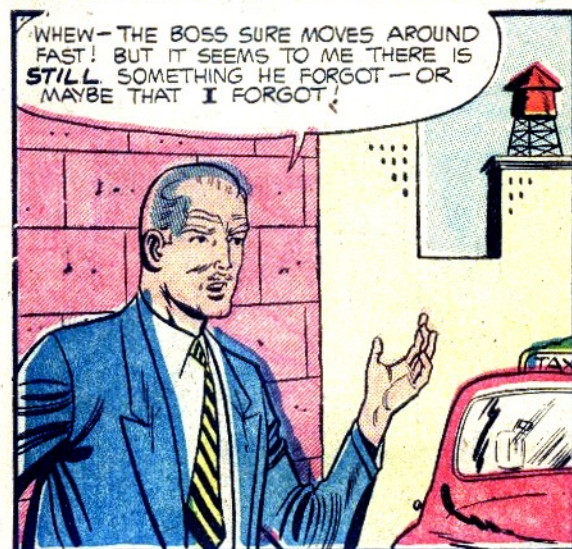
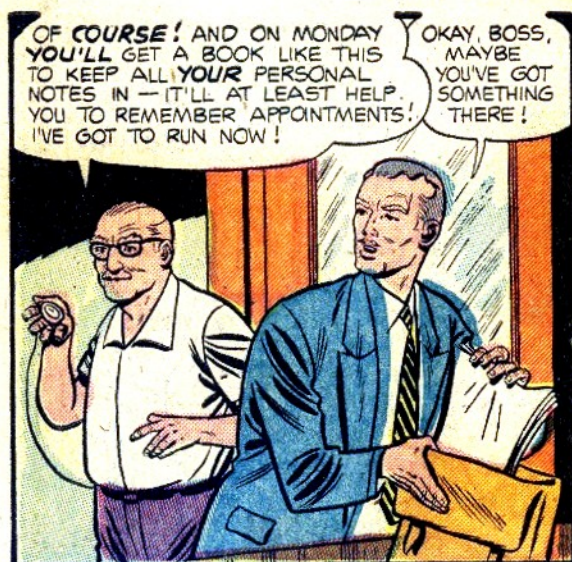
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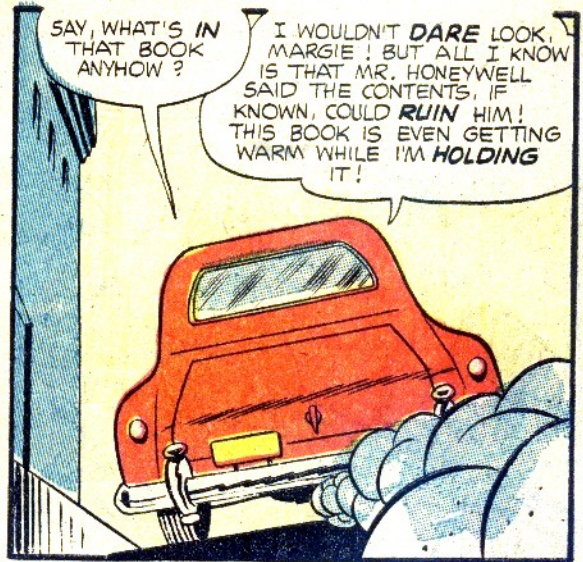
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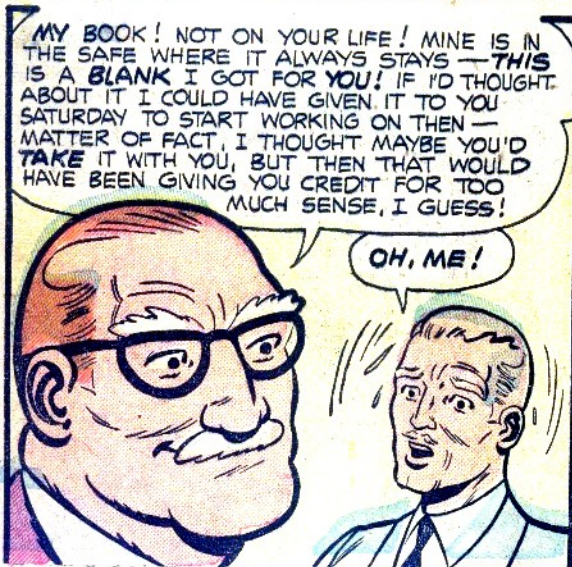
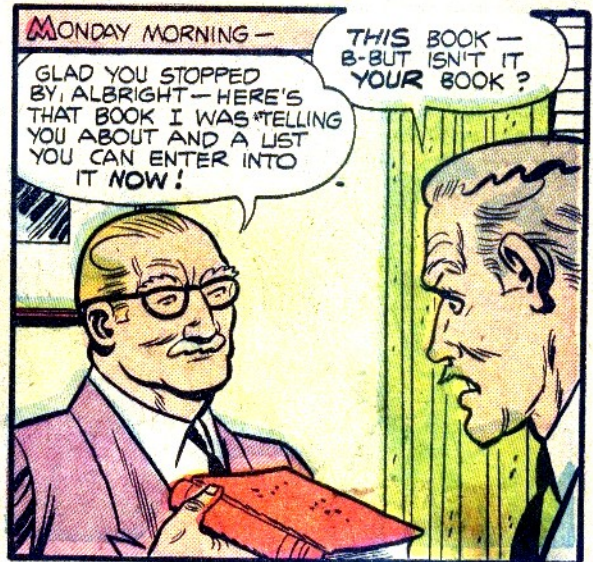
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MY LITTLE MARGIE

in
"THE HIGH
COST OF
LEAVING"

THAT WAS A VERY HOMEY PROGRAM, WASN'T IT, FREDDIE? I'D LOVE TO HAVE A LITTLE HOME OF MY OWN!

THAT WOULD BE GREAT, MARGIE! THEN WE COULD GET MARRIED!

MARGIE!!



I KNOW IT SOUNDED FUNNY, DADDY—BUT FREDDIE JUST BLURTS THINGS OUT. YOU'LL HAVE TO GET USED TO HIS SHORTCOMINGS!

HIS SHORTCOMINGS I CAN STAND—IT'S HIS LONG STAYINGS THAT BOTHER ME! IF HE DOESN'T LEAVE SOON I'LL---

DADDY, PLEASE! IF YOU CAN'T BE NICE TO MY FRIENDS I'LL DO THE LEAVING!

OKAY-OKAY! I'LL GO IN AND BE NICE TO HIM IF IT KILLS ME—AND IT PROBABLY WILL!

FINE! I'LL GO FIX A SNACK!



HE'S GONE? WHAT ON EARTH DID YOU SAY TO HIM?

WE WERE HAVING A CHAT, THAT'S ALL—ABOUT YOU! HE SAID HOW NICE YOU ALWAYS LOOKED AND I SAID YOU SHOULD—MENTIONING THE MONEY I SPEND ON YOUR DRESSES EVERY YEAR...SO HE UPS AND LEAVES!

THAT'S MY LITTLE MARGIE!



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